

Arlington Advocate

C. S. PARKER & SON, Editors and Proprietors.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

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ARLINGTON, MASS., SATURDAY, DEC. 24, 1904.

No. 1.

(Correspondence.)

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The action of our recent town meeting in setting apart a portion of Mt. Pleasant Cemetery for the exclusive use of a small minority of our citizens, is such an exceptional and extraordinary act of legislation, involving such serious consequences in laying our town open to possible future complications, and so affecting the reputation of our whole community, as to warrant the calling of a special town meeting for the purpose of rescinding the vote and thus redeem our town from an embarrassing position which misrepresents a large majority of its citizens.

Every voter is, therefore, urged to attend this meeting and vote to rescind the said vote, thereby restoring to every citizen the full measure of his right in this piece of town property from which a small minority has attempted to exclude him.

That this course is animated by no sectarian or partisan spirit, is shown by the fact that it is endorsed by members of all parties and all churches whose purpose is single to the welfare and good name of our town.

It is felt that the former action was hasty and ill considered, and the vote by which it was secured not at all representative, only about one-third of the voting strength of the town participating. Also, that the action establishes a precedent which endangers the integrity of our town possessions in which every citizen has an undivided interest and proprietorship.

FREDERICK A. BISBEE.

—Turkey bread at Hardy's.

—Numberless is the way to describe novelties on sale at Arlington News Co.

—Hardy's is the place for sweets. Go to Hardy's,—Associates Building,—for Christmas candies.

ABOUT TOWN MATTERS IN ARLINGTON

All notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc., which an admission fee is charged or from which a revenue is to be derived, must be paid for by the line at the advertised rate.

—Home-made Christmas candles, pure and wholesome, at Hardy's.

—The Associates dancing class is still increasing in numbers. There were forty-three present at the last lesson.

—On account of the holidays there will be no meeting of the Arlington Historical Society this month.

—Arlington News Co. has had a large sale, the past week, of "Grosela," from the pen of Miss Marian Grey.

—Arlington Exchange is having a splendid Xmas sale. The display is choice and reasonable in prices.

—Little Marjory Grey is ill with scarlet fever. This is the third time members of the family have been visited with this fever.

—Miss Lucy Prescott is at her parents' home on Russell street, for the holidays. She is teaching in a private school at New Bedford.

—Mr. Leon E. Smith, who has spent the last eight months with the General Electric Co. at the World's Fair, St. Louis, returned home to-day.

—LeBaron makes a handsome electrical display at his headquarters for electrical and illuminating supplies in Swan Block. He will be glad to show you his holiday goods.

—All kinds of cutlery, lamps, sleds, bird cages, and many other articles suitable for Christmas gifts will be found at the old headquarters for such wares,—R. W. Shattuck & Co., 467 Mass. avenue.

—Mr. Geo. H. Brown is in Philadelphia on business, while his wife and little son are visiting relatives in St. John, N. B. The family has been boarding at Mrs. Colman's.

—There will be no service at St. John's at 7.30, next Sunday evening.

—Go and see the wonderful Pixies, Jan. 7th, at Associates Hall.

—Home-made cranberry and mince pies, especially for Christmas, at Hardy's.

—The annual meeting of the Universalist church will be held in the vestry Friday evening, Dec. 30.

—Capt. C. G. Kauffmann, of Post 119, Lexington, will install the officers of Francis Gould Post 36, on the evening of Jan. 12.

—The Sunday school of the First Baptist church has chosen for its study the coming year "The New Life of Christ," and it promises great interest and profit.

—We cannot handle long correspondence coming to us late Thursday evening or just before going to press, Friday forenoon. There is always a mass of small letters that tax the full ability of our office force.

—Sunday services at St. John's church, Academy street: Holy Communion, 7.30; Christmas service, with Holy Communion, 10.30; children's festival service, with carols and anthem at four o'clock.

—Drop in at Wetherbee Bros. in Swan Block. Watches and jewelry of all kinds, besides other seasonal gifts. Skates and photographic outfits, etc., etc. Examine their stock.

—Mr. Howard Turner will spend Xmas with his fiancée, Miss Helen Jackson, at Philadelphia. Miss Jackson and sister will return with Mr. Turner to be guests at the Pleasant street residence for a season.

—Miss Ruth Hornblower is at the home of her parents, on Pleasant street, for the holidays. Miss Hornblower has been elected president of the freshman class at Vassar College, which college she entered at the opening of the fall term.

—Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Plum, Jr., arrived from Newark, N. J., this week, and are guests of Mrs. Plum's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. J. Devereaux, at their Pleasant street residence. Mrs. Devereaux hopes to keep her daughter for a long visit.

—Miss Alice Homer will give a Christmas party, this Saturday evening, to the members of her evening dancing class and their friends. The class meets in Town Hall, and as there are some fifty pupils, the evening cannot fall of being a merry one to all included in the invitation.

—The Theodore Schwamb Co. is putting up a large auxiliary factory in the rear of their present buildings, off upper Mass. avenue, near the Foot-of-the-Rocks. Wm. H. Hilde, of Watertown, who built the Parmenter school, is the contractor. The new factory will be 80x60, built of brick and four stories in height. The walls are already up several feet.

—H. W. Berthrong, whose long residence there fitted him to "speak with authority," gave an illustrated talk on Cuba, on the evening of Dec. 16th, to the members of Circle Lodge, A. O. U. W., at their regular meeting in G. A. R. Hall. It was alike entertaining, interesting, instructive.

—Mr. Chas. F. Seavey, who has been a clerk in Arlington's National Bank for several years, has accepted a more advantageous position with Messrs. Hornblower & Weeks, bankers, 53 State street, Boston. Mr. John H. Seavey has assumed Mr. Seavey's duties at the Arlington Bank and Wm F. Smith, son of officer Fred E. Smith, has been given a junior clerkship.

—The Lakeside Club held its election of officers in its club room in Upham building, Tuesday evening, with the following results:

President,—Wm. D. Grannan
Vice-pres.—John W. Powers
Sec.—Frederick W. Hicks
Treas.—Claude W. Lutes
Serg.-at-arms,—Dan'l A. Lyons
Bd. of Directors,—J. J. Sweeney, John A. Dacey, Thomas Butler, John A. Savage, Geo. O. Hill.

—At the 75th anniversary of the Lyceum Course of Littleton, Wednesday afternoon, the musical program was in charge of Mr. Wm. Marshall, director of Beechey Orchestra Club, and violinist. He was assisted by Mr. Harry Upham, cello, Mr. E. A. Franklin, flute, and Mrs. Marshall, contralto soloist and accompanist. Gov. Bates was present, also many other distinguished guests. The party left Boston for Littleton at 11.30 on a special, returning in the evening.

—Election of officers of Court Prid No. 190, F. A., took place on Thursday evening, in Knights of Columbus Hall, when the following selection resulted:

Chief Ranger,—Thos. J. Green.
Sub-Chief Rang.—P. J. Hussey.
Treas.—James P. Dailey.
Fin. Sec.—John F. Dacey.
Rec. Sec.—John W. Harrington.
Sr. Woodward,—John H. Millett.
Sr. Woodward,—Richard J. Kelley.
Sr. Beadle,—Thos. F. Lynch.
Sr. Beadle,—Michael J. Rosch.
Lecturer,—Dennis F. Collins.
Trustees,—Michael Galvin, Everett S. Chapman, Porter Dunlap.

—The Samaritan Society of the Universalist church was entertained on Tuesday afternoon, at the home of Mrs. J. W. Moore, 1077 Mass. avenue. Those present were given a delightful hour by Prof. A. W. Peirce of Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass., who gave a graphic description of the schools in England, dwelling chiefly on that of Rugby, which he had visited somewhat recently. The discipline of the school and methods of teaching were fully explained, also of the sports engaged in, showing the wide difference in every particular in the college government and training of English schools and colleges from those of America. Mrs. Moore served delicious chocolate and wafers at the conclusion of the talk, when social intercourse was enjoyed with Prof. Peirce, whom the members were pleased

to greet among them and who, when a resident of the town, was one of the "Samaritan's" boys.

—The officers and teachers of the Universalist Sunday school will give a party to the members of the school on next Thursday evening, in the vestry of the church.

—The Epistle to the Colossians was the Bible study at the Friday evening service of the First Baptist church, conducted by the pastor, Rev. C. H. Watson, D. D.

—Darling & Russell, 55 Kelby street, Boston, are supplying customers and friends with the serviceable calendar sent out by the reliable Connecticut Co. they represent.

—Bethel Lodge No. 12 I. O. O. F., will be in session at seven o'clock at its meeting, Wednesday evening, Dec. 28th. The elect. of officers for the ensuing term takes place at this time.

—St. John's Sunday school Christmas tree, on Wednesday evening (Innocent's Day) at seven o'clock. The primary class will have their gifts and entertainment on Saturday afternoon, 31st, at four o'clock.

—St. John's Chapter, No. 481, Brotherhood of St. Andrew (Junior) held its regular meeting on Monday evening. William Black and Roy Mauger were elected respectively Assistant Secretary and Assistant Treasurer.

—Quite a number of Roman Catholic citizens own lots in Mt. Pleasant cemetery (some for a number of years) in which members of their families are interred and any others of the same faith who desire can purchase lots on same terms as any other. It is a town cemetery.

—Mrs. Sarah E. Wyman, wife of Prof. Gooch of Yale University passed away at 2 a.m., Dec. 18, at her home at New Haven, Conn. She was a daughter of the late John P. Wyman and his widow Margaret R. Wyman of Arlington. The interment was at Mt. Auburn on Wednesday, Dec. 21st.

—Miss Lucinda Jewell, of Chelsea, organist of Pleasant Street Cong'l church, will present the following musical program to be rendered by the quartet choir, Mrs. Florence Hayden, of Boston, soprano; Miss Merrill, of Newtonville, alto; Mr. Alexander, of Lynn, tenor; Harry Parmelee, of Boston, bass:—
Organ Prelude, "Chorus of Shepherds," Lemmens
Carol, "There dwelt in old Judea," Griggs
Offertory, "Christmas Pastoral from the Messiah," Handel
Duet, Contralto and Tenor, "There were shepherds abiding," Coombs
Christmas Postlude, Best.

—Arlington was represented by quite a group of people at the Hollis St. Theatre, Wednesday evening, when E. H. Southern and Julia Marlowe gave "Much ado about nothing." It was a superb performance of the roles of Benedick and Beatrice, with a remarkably fine supporting company. The scenery was very beautiful, the costumes rich and in more than usual good taste. Among those we noted in various parts of the house were Mr. and Mrs. M. Ernest Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Prescott, Miss Lucy and Mr. Charles Prescott, Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Sawyer, Mrs. Edgar Macdonald and Mrs. Otis R. Whittemore, Mrs. M. J. Colman, and the Misses Colman, Mr. and Mrs. Huntley N. Spaulding, Mr. Roger Dunbar, Miss Ida Fletcher and friend.

—The Selectmen have issued the warrant for a town meeting to be held Wednesday evening, Dec. 28. Three articles pertain to the recent vote to set apart "a reasonable portion of Mt. Pleasant Cemetery for the exclusive use of Roman Catholics," etc., one calling for rescinding that action and two to a change in the town by-laws. As usual there pops up serenely a series of articles that, if acted on in the affirmative, will swell the tax rate next year, but the obligations have been incurred by those in authority and there can be no escape from paying the bills, so the simplest way out of it is to vote to pay. So far as the moth matter contained in the warrant is concerned, we understand this to be simply an adjustment of difficulties encountered when the committee in charge set about the duty to which it had been assigned. The cupola on Town Hall has ever been a source of expense beyond its value as an addition (shall we say ornament) to the building, and if its removal will stop this leak—this is no joke—a vote to carry out the suggestion of the Selectmen will be wise.

—The Altar Guild of the Universalist church will decorate the church in an elaborate manner for the Christmas services next Sunday. At 10.45, a. m., services with Christmas sermon by the pastor, Rev. Harry Fay Fister. The music will be rendered by a women's chorus, Mrs. Grace Monroe Marshall, soloist; Mr. William Marshall, violinist; and Mrs. Elmer Stevens, organist. The program is:—
Organ
Offertory on two Christmas Hymns, Guilman
Christmas Pastoral, Wely
Women's Chorus, "Tantum Ego," Saint Saens
"There were Shepherds," Foster
"O little town of Bethlehem," Conant
Contralto Solo, "A dream of Bethlehem," Rodney
Offertory, "Violin and Organ," Pastoral.
Organ Postlude, "Hallelujah Chorus," Handel

—Sunday school at 12, m., and concert at 4, p. m., with recitations and dialogues by the children, music by the school, chorus, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, and Miss Henrietta Dadman who, for a young girl, has a voice and musical ability that has attracted the attention of the best known musicians of New England. At this service a picture of the late Mr. O. B. Marston will be unveiled. There will be no service at 7, p. m. The public is cordially invited to any and all of these services.

—Robbins Library has on exhibition from the Library Art Club, seventy-two Elson prints. Subjects are: Greek and Roman architecture, Greek sculpture, Egypt (architecture), "Here Shakespeare lived." General Washington, Makers of our nation. Exhibition closes January 8, 1905.

—The Misses Wellington gave the children of their private school their annual Christmas party Thursday afternoon, in the school house on Maple street. Of course the little building was none too large to contain all who desired to attend. The little ones went through a program of carols and recitations in a way that was altogether engaging and was a sight to gladden the eye and warm the heart, in their best "bibs and tuckers."

A beautiful tree adorned with tinsel, ornaments and yards of pop corn, was a delight to the young beholders. Following the exercises, which passed off smoothly and prettily, a spread of ice cream made the crowning event for the little ones. Gifts were distributed to parents, the children of the class having a booklet displaying their writing and composition work gotten up with illuminated covers, while the kindergartners had the little plaster plaques and Dutch calendars to show as their handiwork.

—Thursday evening the installation of the officers of Hiram Lodge, took place in Masonic Hall. Rt. Wor. Geo. W. Storer officiated, assisted by Wor. Chas. H. Prentiss, Wor. Edw. H. Cutter, Wor. R. Walter Hilliard, all past masters of Hiram Lodge, also Wor. Oliver A. Roberts. The important office of grand marshal was conducted by Wor. Chas. W. Bunker. Officers installed for the ensuing term were:—

Wor. Master,—Henry H. Austin
Sr. warden,—Wm. F. Towne
Treas.—Rt. Wor. Geo. W. Spurr
Sec.—Wor. Ernest Hesselstine
Chaplain,—Rev. Harry Fay Fister
Ass. chap.—Richard Tyner
Marshal,—Wor. Chas. W. Bunker
Sr. deacon,—Frederick W. Damon
Jr. deacon,—Dr. Roy D. Young
Sr. steward,—Edw. C. Darling
Jr. steward,—Wendell P. Yerrinton
Organist,—Geo. H. Thayer
Tyler,—Simoon Barker.

—The officers of Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter were installed, Tuesday evening, in Masonic Hall. Ex. Herbert L. Cochrane officiated and was assisted by Richard Tyner as Chaplain and Ex. Charles W. Bunker as grand captain of the host. The installed officers were as follows:—

M. E. High Priest,—Ex. Charles R. Faltz
Ex. King,—Edward C. Stone.
Ex. Scribe,—William M. Stewart.
Treasurer,—Ex. Francis B. Wadleigh.
Secretary,—Ernest Hesselstine.
Chaplain,—Charles F. Coolidge.
Captain of the Host,—Andrew Bain.
Principal Sojourner,—Edward W. Goodwin.
Royal Arch Captain,—Frederick W. Damon.
Master 3rd Veil,—Wendell P. Yerrinton.
Master 2nd Veil,—Henry H. Dole.
Master 1st Veil,—Charles E. Cook.
Senior Steward,—Walter C. Reed.
Junior Steward,—Bert Houghton.
Organist,—George H. Thayer.
Tyler,—Simoon Barker.

An interesting feature of the meeting was the presentation to Ex. Charles R. Faltz, now holding the initial office in the Chapter, of a past High Priest jewel, the presentation being happily discharged by Excellent Herbert L. Cochrane, the installing officer.

—The 4th meeting of the Metropolitan Driving Club, on Charles River speedway last week Saturday, attracted the largest crowd of spectators of the season. Apart from the racing the speedway has become the parade ground for those who enjoy a spin over the snow, and at the same time wish to be entertained by the contests of speed between the fast trotters and pacers. In the fast trotting class Walter B. Farmer's gelding, Fashion, won an unexpected victory over Mr. Harrison's Astello. Astello held his own with the chestnut until near the finish, where Mr. Farmer's gelding gave him the go by in both heats. Fashion is in prime condition right at present, and the trotter that can beat him over the snow path from this on will certainly get all the honors, including ribbons and silver ware, which are to be hung up for trotters over the snow path. In the 8th class Chester G. Peck's brown mare Nigra, won the event in two straight heats. Mr. Peck drives himself and has been bringing in a number of prizes lately won by Nigra.

—Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Bacon have just passed the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. Although they made no celebration of the event, they were called upon by their children, Miss M. J. Bacon, of Cambridge, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Bacon and son of Medford, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Knowlton of Malden, and were presented by each with a gold piece. They then spread a light collation, the principal feature being a beautifully decorated cake with the dates 1854-1904, and the names E. E. Bacon and F. J. Moody engraved in a wedding ring. This was made and presented by Mrs. Bacon of Medford. Mr. and Mrs. Bacon received letters of congratulation and other tokens of remembrance from relatives and friends, among them a beautiful bunch of flowers from Miss Bassett and a gold-bowled jelly spoon from Mr. Bennett. The occasion was greatly enjoyed by all present.

—Driver Wm. Mead of chemical 1 had a narrow escape from serious injury when about to drive away from the fire of last Saturday, at the house of Mr. J. L. Bixby's, Jr., Tanager St. The horses attached to the chemical are very spirited and hardly had the blankets been taken from them when they bolted, heading down the steep hill towards Park avenue. Mead caught the side of the wagon and got one knee on the step and hung there until he finally managed to get to the seat. The reins had dropped down on to the pole and Mead had to let himself down between the horses to the pole, get the reins and return to his seat. By this time the horses had gained great head-

way, and it was only after very hard work that they were brought under control. The pluck of driver Mead was highly commended.

—Friday, Jan. 6th, 1905, has been appointed for the annual New Year Party at the First Parish (Unitarian) church. It comes late, but the good things in which it abounds will keep and will make a happy climax for the holidays. The entire parish is to participate and a committee from the Sunday school and officers of the Woman's Alliance are planning a good time for old and young. Children from the Dorothy Dix Home in Boston are to give the entertainment.

—The senior class of Arlington High gives the "Senior Class Dance" in Associates Hall, on the evening of Friday, Jan. 6th. The party is held primarily to raise money for the class graduation fund and they ask their friends of all ages to assist them in making it a success. If it is a financial success of course it will be socially enjoyable, for it will assure a company large enough to contribute to the pleasure of all. The class has the tickets for sale and will be glad to supply any who desire them.

—All the primary classes in our schools were given a merry time on Friday afternoon by the teachers, who in every instance furnished a tree, on which the pupils displayed their handiwork, fashioned as gifts to their parents. The scholars were given bags of candy and oranges, and in some of the buildings Santa Claus made his appearance, greatly to the delight of the little ones. Songs and recitations were given by some of the children. In several of the rooms, by vote of the pupils, gifts were brought to be distributed among the poor children of Boston. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

—The Catholic as well as the Episcopal churches always celebrate the natal day of the Saviour on the 25th of December, no matter on which day it occurs. Sunday morning, at 10.30, there will be high mass conducted by the Rev. J. M. Mulcahy with Miss Lucy J. Butler at the organ directing a choir of thirty voices. The solo parts are taken by Mrs. Sadie W. Ferguson, soprano; Mrs. Chas. Beauchemin, alto; James F. Ford, tenor; James P. Donnelly, bass. The music will consist of Marche Pontificale, Gounod; Kyrie and Gloria in Excelsis Deo, Credo, Sanctus, Benedictus, Agnus Deo, from Ganss' Mass; Gradual, Adeste Fideles, Novella; Veni Creator, Decio Monti; Offertory, Gounod; Recessional, Thorne.

—At St. John's church, on Academy street, on Christmas Day, the music will be as follows, under the direction of Mr. Frederic C. Butterfield, organist:—

MORNING SERVICE, 10.30.
Organ Voluntary, Largo, Handel
Processional, "O come, all ye faithful," Reading
Venite exultemus Domino, Mendelssohn
Te Deum laudamus, Roland Smart
Jubilate Deo, Foster

COMMUNION MUSIC.
Introit, "Behold, I bring you good tidings," Darnton
Hymn, "O little town of Bethlehem," Redner
Anthem, "Emmanuel, Emmanuel!" Spinney
Recessional, "Hark! the herald angels sing," Mendelssohn
Organ Postlude, Festival March, Arthur Foote

AFTERNOON SERVICE, 4.00.
Organ Voluntary, "Adoremus" Melodie Ravina
Magnificat, Simpson
Carols, "In the early morning," G. E. Oliver
"O little town of Bethlehem," Darnton

Hymns and Anthems (as in the morning).
Organ Postlude, Marche Triumphale, Lemmens

—Sunday, Dec. 25, the music at the Baptist church will be fully in accord with the day and is given below. The voluntary will be played at 10.20, a. m.:

Fantasia in C, Tours
Anthem, "Christians awake, salute the happy morn," Schaecker
Anthem, "Star of the Orient," Shelley
Anthem, "Calm on the listening ear of night," H. W. Parker
Response, "Hark, what mean those holy voices," arr. Chelius
Anthem, "Behold, I bring you good tidings," Churchill
Postlude, Hallelujah Chorus, Handel

Mrs. Elinor Onthank, Soprano; Miss Helen McDevitt, Alto; Mr. Chas. N. Hall, Tenor; Mr. Chas. D. Waterman, Bass; Mr. William E. Wood, organist and director.

—The First Parish church (Unitarian) will celebrate Christmas by two special services on Sunday. The morning church service will be at 10.30, fifteen minutes earlier than usual. Rev. Frederic Gill will preach on "The Confidence of the Child." The floral decorations will be by W. W. Rawson & Co. At four o'clock the Sunday school festival service will be held in the vestry. The cantata, "The Joy of Christmas Morning," will be given by some of the pupils. Miss Edith Frost has kindly consented to sing. The superintendent, Judge John H. Hardy, will give an address. There will also be Christmas carols and songs for the people. The music for the morning service, exclusive of three congregational hymns, will be:—
Organ Prelude, "Intermezzo," Mascagni
Solo, Violin and Organ.
Christmas Anthem, "O Zion, that tellest," Buck
Bass Solo, Soprano and Alto Duet, Quartet and Vocal Fugue.
Christmas Carol, "Softly the night is sleeping," Tenor Solo, Quartet and Violin. Gilbert
Soprano Solo, "The Aethereal Celestial," Adams
Violin Obligato.
Christmas Anthem, "Angels from the realms of glory," Neidlinger
Closing Anthem, "Hark, what mean those voices singing," arr. from Gounod
Soprano and Violin in Duet and Quartet Refrain.
Organ Postlude, "Gloria from 12th Mass," Mozart

Choir,—Soprano, Mrs. Annie Wing Smith; Alto, Mrs. M. J. Colman; Tenor, Mr. Charles E. Pitt; Bass, Mr. E. Payson Grosbeck.
Violist,—Mr. S. E. Goldstein.
Organist and Director,—Mr. J. P. Weston.

HOLIDAY GOODS

TURKEYS, CHICKENS, FOWL, LAMB AND BEEF.
Nuts, Raisins, Oranges, Grapes and Figs.

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THE PUZZLER

No. 40.—Diamond.
1. A letter. 2. An obstruction. 3. A graving tool. 4. Pattern of superior excellence. 5. To take a proper position. 6. A word that expresses denial or negation. 7. A letter.

No. 41.—A Familiar Proverb.



What familiar proverb does the picture express?

No. 42.—Subtractions.

Subtract the same preposition from each word in the first part and leave those in the second. Example: M-in-me.

1. Hunger; renown. 2. Evil; a relative. 3. Acting; an animal. 4. To assist; a title. 5. To journey; to repeat. 6. An instant; dumb. 7. A world; satisfied. 8. A beverage; a pronoun. 9. A joining; a particle. 10. A prophet; a swimmer. 11. Fancy; a picture. 12. Beauty; friendless. 13. Spoiled; regretted. 14. To glare; a pronoun.

No. 43.—Charade.

My first proclaim the peep of day;
My second's filled with sweetness.
My third smooths life's tangled snarl
And adds the maiden's neatness.
My whole adorns my pompous first;
My fourth in pride is basking;
My whole believes that every maid
Would wed him for the asking.

No. 44.—Hourglass.

Centrals name a famous landscape painter.
Crosswords: 1. To go forward (seven letters). 2. Capacious. 3. To chop into small pieces. 4. A tree. 5. A pen for swine. 6. To become weary. 7. Triangular end of a building. 8. A punctuation mark. 9. To suppose upon.

No. 45.—Riddlemeec.

My first is in Japs and Jackanapes.
My second in aunt and uncle.
My third in balmy summer time.
My fourth in pumpkin.
My fifth in kindness; meekness, too;
My sixth in starry night time;
My seventh in the noonday sun.
My eighth in a polite rhyme.
My ninth in eerie legnooks;
My tenth is very facile.
My whole's the pride of famous cooks.
Product of field and dairy.

No. 46.—Pronouns.

A pronoun that is never here.
A pronoun that possesses a spout.

No. 47.—Hidden Fish.

Did you see that curious old record of Philippi, kept by the monks?
I went in the car principal to save the wear on my new shoes.
"Be sure to polish the knob, Luella," my mother said to her new maid.
Directly after supper Charlie must finish his lessons.

No. 48.—Behandments.

Behad a metallic vein and have a short poem.
Behad to long and have to gain by labor.
Behad destitute of light and have want.
Behad shining and have just.
Behad quick and have peril.
Behad a spilt and have an army.
Behad to stop and have aged.

Easy Enough.

Pat—An', faith, Mrs. Maloney, how do you tell them twins apart?
"Oh, it's easy enough! I put my finger in Dennis' mouth, an' if he bites I know it's Mike."

Easy Circumstances.

"Do you have any trouble supporting your family, Sambo?"
"No, indeed. Why, boss, I's got one ob de best wives in dis 'ere town."

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 30.—Some Old Fashioned Letters:
1. Fleet, sleek. 2. Fight, sight. 3. Flash, slash. 4. Feed, seed. 5. Fly, sly.

No. 31.—Easy Additions: Riddlemeec.
No. 32.—Word Square: 1. Blast. 2. Lance. 3. Annex. 4. Scant. 5. Texts.
No. 33.—Charade: Slum, burr (slumber).

No. 34.—Anagram: Listen, silent, enlist.

No. 35.—Three Diamonds:

I. II. III.
L. R. M.
D. E. W.
B. I. T. D. U. C. A. T. F. I. T.
L. I. G. H. T. R. E. C. I. T. A. L. M. I. G. H. T.
T. H. E. W. A. T. E. R. T. H. E.
T. A. R. T.

No. 36.—A Bit From Bos: Jarndyce.

No. 37.—Transpositions: Clover, clove, love, lo, l, o.

No. 38.—Intentions: Settlement. Ligation. Impediment. Emolument. Liniment. Monument.

No. 39.—Jumbled Quotations: "If she be not fair for me, what care I how fair she be." "With all thy faults I love thee still."

PAINFULLY SEDATE.

A Professor's Evening Party in the Paris Latin Quarter.

"It was difficult to imagine that I was in the heart of Paris, among people bred and born in the capital," says a writer telling of the section of the Latin quarter in which the professors of the University of Paris have their homes. "These men, these luminaries of science, how different they looked among their womankind! Since then I have visited many professors' homes and have found them all curiously alike. No matter whether the apartment be on a second, third or fourth floor, whether it be an expensive or cheap one, the inmates are all alike, talk alike, dress alike. If you have seen one home, you have seen them all. Follow me to a fourth floor in the Rue Gay-Lussac. We are ushered into the drawing room. The furniture is mahogany, always mahogany, and of a bad period. There are no flowers, but a dusty fern in a majolica pot; on the mantelpiece a clock and a candelabra, with framed photographs in the spaces between; over the cottage piano the portrait of M. le Professeur in the green embroidered uniform of a member of the Academy of Science, with his dress sword, over which he generally stumbles. But do not think that the professors' families are blind to beauty. They will admire and appreciate a work of art as well as you or I, but in their homes they consider beauty a negligible quantity. They also give very little attention to their bodies—to the inner or outer man. I have often wondered whether the same tailor supplies them all with their old fashioned coats.

"Nor does the inner man fare much better. The cooks in their establishments seem to be altogether different creatures from those we meet elsewhere. They eschew slang, their grammar is better, but their cooking is worse—very much worse—than in the homes of the less intellectual members of society. The women form a distinct type. They seem to belong to a past generation, and their dress is in keeping with the style of their hair. Living among themselves, they appear to have no notion of what is occurring in the worldly part of Paris. Their dress-makers are of the quarter, and their milliners make their hats with the odds and ends brought to them. Such a thing as a fashion paper never crosses their path. I am certain these ladies are much more interested in the latest microbe than in the latest hat. They have little notion of comfort.

"An evening party at one of their houses is a never to be forgotten entertainment for the outsider. They still dance the schottisch, but the greater part of the evening is devoted to what are called 'society games,' a gaping trap to the butterfly from across the Seine. I have forgotten the name of the fiendish game, but I recall that we were all seated in a ring—about thirty of us—old and young, and we had to answer questions and find out some antediluvian fact. To them it was child's play, but if it had not been for the six-year-old child of the house who prompted me I should have cut a poor figure. Imagine coming from the electric lights of the boulevards to the oil lamps of the professors' salon and being suddenly called upon to know that Dalmatia was conquered by Metellus in 118 B. C. Delightful evening!"

Retelling a Joke.

A west side man heard a joke, new to him, the other day, and the first thing he did upon reaching home for dinner was to tell it to his wife. "Mary," he said, "here's a new joke that's mighty good. One man says, 'The theater caught fire last night.' 'Did they save anything?' the second man asks. 'Yes,' says the first, 'they carried out the programme.' Isn't that a good one?' His wife said it was, and next day she tried it on her grocer. "Mr. Blank," she said, "here's a new joke for you. One man says, 'The theater caught fire last night.' Another asks, 'Did they save anything?' 'Yes,' replies the first, 'they went on with the programme and finished it.' Isn't that a fine joke?' The grocer said it was excellent, but confidentially he acknowledges that he hasn't yet seen the point.—Kansas City Times.

A Blind Man's Blunder.

A blind man named Green made a curious defense at Birmingham, England, to a charge of smashing a plate glass window worth £15. He had been blind, he said, for seven years. On the night in question he cried for assistance to cross the road, but no one came. Then he heard some one at a distance and struck at what used, when he could see, to be boards surrounding waste ground. He was astounded when he heard the sound of broken glass. The jury acquitted him, and he was discharged.

Lacked the Lawyer's Facility.

Lawyer (to witness)—Never mind what you think. We want facts here. Tell us where you first met this man. Woman Witness—Can't answer it. If the court doesn't care to hear what I think there's no use questioning me, for I am not a lawyer and can't talk without thinking.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Practice Versus Preaching.

"You kin help de cause of honesty a heap," said Uncle Eben, "by preachin' about it, but you kin help it a heap mo' by not danglin' roas' chicken under a hungry man's nose."—Washington Star.

A man is not going to get a crown of righteousness just because he gives some poor fellow his old straw hat along about November.—Chicago Tribune.

HUMOR C

Johnnie's Arithmetic.

Henry goes to the grocery for a quart of molasses and on his way home meets with five boys, making six in the gang. How much molasses will be left after each has had a swig and how high will Henry jump when the boot-jack hits him?

If one boy standing on the corner can hit a grocer's horse in the ear with a snowball and cause a runaway, how many boys and snowballs would it take to start twelve horses and a mule on the skedaddle?

Hiram has six marbles and William has none. They meet in the alley, and then William has six marbles and Hiram has a bloody nose. How much filer is William than Hiram?

A boy with a goat after him can run eight miles an hour. A goat in chase of a boy can run eleven miles in the same time. How far would they have to run before the goat's head overtook the boy and how long before the boy would sit up and rub his eyes and wonder what house fell on him?

Sarah has a new doll costing 25 cents and three sticks of candy worth a penny each. She refuses to give her brother Artemas any of the candy, and as a result he wrings the head and legs off her doll and pushes her into a mudhole. How much would she have saved by giving Artemas all the candy and patting him on the back in a sisterly way? In throwing a stone at a fifteen-cent cat Harry hits and breaks a pane of glass worth \$2. His mother gives him a dollar licking, and he loses 50 cents' worth of fun by being sent to bed two hours before the usual time. How much was the cat ahead of the game?

In returning from the bakery with a dozen buns Thomas meets three boys, and on reaching home he misses seven of the twelve buns. How many times will seven buns go into three boys and how did they do it?—Philadelphia Caricature.

The Versatile Colonel.



"The colonel t... the center every morning after breakfast."
"Yes, and a little de-canter every evening after dinner."

How It Was Fixed.

The Man—Your daughter telephoned me to call and fix your piano.
Her Father—What's the matter with it?

The Man—One of the strings is broken.

Her Father—What will it cost to repair the broken string?

The Man—Two dollars.

Her Father—Well, here's \$5. Break the rest of 'em.—Chicago News.

His Grievance.

Sunday School Teacher—What is your name, my lad?

Small Boy (sulkily)—Zebedee Elisha Jones.

Teacher—And who gave you that name?

Small Boy—Pap, doggone him, an' I'm a-goin' ter lambast the stuffin' out'er him fer it when I get growed.—New York Times.

His Comment.

Uncle—Well, you've told me about what you have done and what you expect to do and all that. Now, please state what you are doing just at present?

Nephew—Why—I er—er—

Uncle—So I thought. It doesn't take any particular energy to err.—Puck.

Encouraged.

"Do you think," she asked the dermatologist, "that you can make my nose beautiful?"

"Well, I may not be able to make it beautiful, but I couldn't help improving it some, even if I were to hit it with a mallet."—Brooklyn Life.

Three Reasons.

"Yes, I've got two good reasons for marrying him."

"What are they?"

"One is that I want to and the other is that papa don't want me to, and—oh, yes—another girl wants to."—Houston Post.

Not Critical.

"Is your husband's condition critical?"

"No," answered the patient looking woman. "That's what makes me think he must be sick. He doesn't find any fault at all."—Washington Star.

The Professor.

"Certainly," observed the doctor in reply to a question, "tight lacing, habitually practiced, often causes red noses."

"But tight lacing, habitually practiced, causes more of them," replied the professor.—Chicago Tribune.

Willing to Oblige.

Penman—Have you read my latest book?

Brokely—No. Lend me \$2, and I'll go out and buy one.—Yonkers/Statesman.

WASHINGTON LETTER

[Special Correspondence.]

President Roosevelt indicated to a Louisville delegation a few days ago that if there is no extra session of congress he would visit that city some time next summer. The president went on to say that he had not formed an itinerary and would not do so until he was able to tell whether he would get to make the trip. If there was no extra session his intentions now, he said, were to go to San Antonio to attend the annual reunion of his regiment, to be held in May. On his way there he would visit Roswell, Ga., the home of his mother, who was a Miss Bullock. From San Antonio he would go into the mountains of Colorado for a hunting expedition of possibly four or five weeks. On his return he would come by way of Louisville. He made it clear, however, that everything would depend upon whether there would be an extra session.

Talk of a Sea Level Canal.

All the members of the house committee on interstate and foreign commerce have come back from the isthmus with some views as to whether a sea level canal ought to be built over the Panama route, but few of them are willing to commit themselves one way or the other until the report of Chief Engineer Wallace is made. Mr. Wallace is at work on an extensive survey and will make a report before a great while that will deal with the question of a sea level canal. Senator Kittredge of the senate committee on interoceanic canals has come back from his visit to the isthmus imbued with the belief that a sea level waterway is the only proper thing and will use his influence in that direction.

He thinks that the overflow waters of the Chagres river can be turned into the Pacific by means of a tunnel and that the principal question that remains to be settled is the additional expense.

Many members of the house committee are said to be highly impressed with the project of a sea level canal instead of the lock and dam canal authorized by congress.

An Ohio Lemon.

Representative Nevin of Ohio recently presented to President Roosevelt the largest lemon ever seen at the White House. It was grown by Mrs. E. T. Haines of Dayton, O., in a conservatory in her home. She would not think of anybody else but the president having the beautiful specimen of fruit and insisted on Mr. Nevin bringing it to Washington for the president.

Alaskan Affairs.

Senator Dietrich of Nebraska, who will retire from congress March 4, recently talked with the president about affairs in Alaska and the Philippines. Mr. Dietrich has visited many points in Alaska and favors the creation of a commission for that territory similar to that which governs the Philippines, except that the commissioners shall be chosen by a vote of the people. He also favors the establishment of a police force on the lines of the Canadian police in the Northwest Territories.

Whooped In the House.

An old man from Virginia caused a sensation in one of the house galleries just before Speaker Cannon rapped for order one recent morning by suddenly standing up and whooping at the top of his voice. Two doorkeepers hurried down the aisle and escorted the old gentleman to the guardroom, where he said his name was James Allen and that he hailed from Louisa Court House, Va. He told the police that he had been a sufferer from fits for about twenty years. "But they never made me 'holler' like that before," he said. "I guess all this excitement in the legislature made me nervous."

Wanted a Bible.

A Missouri member recently received a communication from a constituent, who wrote: "I understand that Joe Jefferson has retired from the stage and written a Bible. Please send me a copy."

A copy of Jefferson's Bible, so called, has gone forward to this benighted Missourian. It is a copy of the red morocco bound book which Thomas Jefferson prepared and congress had photographed and reproduced a session or two ago after a prolonged squabble as to the propriety of the legislation.

Arizona and New Mexico.

Delegate Rodey of New Mexico recently talked with the president about the admission of that territory to the Union. The pending bill provides for the admission of Arizona and New Mexico as one state, with two representatives. Mr. Rodey would prefer to have separate statehood, but accepts the conditions that confront him. He thinks the pending bill will be enacted, but believes Arizona and New Mexico if admitted as one state should have three instead of two representatives. It is very doubtful whether any bill will get through this winter. The opposition to joining the territories is so strong that the pending bill is likely to be strangled in the senate.

Senate Snuffboxes.

While the senate is losing its members of the olden days it still clings to a relic of those times in the shape of the senatorial snuffboxes. One of these is placed at each of the doors leading from the lobby to the senate chamber.

There is no record and no one remembers when these snuffboxes were installed. It is supposed they were first placed in the senate chamber at the first meeting of that body after the organization of the government in its present form.

It is not that the senators make use of this snuff. At least no one ever saw a member of the senate take a dip from one of the boxes. They show no signs of patronage. The snuffboxes are characteristic of the tenacity with which the senate clings to tradition and customs. CARL SCHOFIELD.

LADY BOUNTIFUL

A Christmas Story

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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Clouds are never so black and threatening as they look to be when rising to shut away sunshine. Lettice knew that very well, being that she was country bred and spiritually as well as actually a daughter of the open. But in this pinch the knowledge did not help her—that is to say, she did not think of the parallel between clouds actual and metaphorical. The sun had shone for her so blithely, with such strength and power, the shutting away left her in a manner numb. Notwithstanding she had one consolation—the Farnham girl did not know. She never should know if Lettice could help it, no matter what the keeping her ignorant might cost Lettice herself.

They had never quarreled—Lettice was too thoroughbred for such a thing and the Farnham girl too politic—but from the beginning they had been intuitively antagonistic, although environment enforced a certain surface cordiality, even friendliness, between them. Both were western, with yet a subtle difference. Fate had, it appeared, an eerie, even malicious, pleasure in throwing them in each other's way. They had been classmates in the same fresh water college three years before they found themselves, wholly by chance, fellow lodgers in Mrs. Vanston Quigley's New York apartment.

Necessity and inclination had brought them there—each to try for a literary career. By help of honest ignorance, limpid innocence, a heart ever joyous, an industry that never flagged, Lettice was now a full fledged newspaper woman, with a salary beautifully sufficient if none too large, whereas Faith Farnham, in spite of undeniable cleverness joined to a personality as striking as it was unscrupulous, had still much ado to make ends meet.

That went hard with her in face of the fact that she had an oriental delight in luxury and was withal indolent. In excuse she pleaded "temperament," whatever that may be. Without these keen appetites, susceptible senses, she said, or with them starved, and thwarted, she would never be able truly to express the genius burning and writhing within. Lettice had smiled over the excuse until she found it leading its possessor into squandering her money on violets at their costliest and leaving her landress a month unpaid, although the poor creature faltered out something about hungry children and rent day. Lettice, overhearing by chance, thrust a bill into the woman's hand and mentally set her down to be thrice remembered at the Christmas tree the paper she worked for was even then planning. She said nothing to the Farnham girl—except, that is, what was eloquently spoken by her altered manner. Unluckily Miss Farnham chose to hear in it other things than it was meant to express.

"I fear I shall have to go away; it hurts me so to have anybody jealous of me," she cooed to Philip Arran as Lettice flashed in and out of the parlor, with the barest brief greeting to the two. "Ever since the Century asked me to let it share my work with Scribner's Lettice—I ought really to say Miss Lane—has been as you see her. Of course I make allowances. It must hurt dreadfully when one is ambitious, and she is frightfully so, to find you can do only low and common things. I should starve if I tried newspaper work, and I feel that I would rather starve than try it. Yet I am so glad Lettice is wiser. She really does very well at it. But, only fancy, she isn't the least bit satisfied. Mrs. Quigley says Sundays—you know she never goes to church—she writes things—stories actually—and sends them to the magazines."

Arran smiled at her behind his hand. Nature made him a critic. Fate gave him money; some ill fairy thrust upon him aspirations for playwriting—ambitions that had flowered into superfluous success. Lettice had written a Sunday special about him and in writing it had so managed to strike the middle line between ridicule and panegyric as to come warmly into the kind dom of his regard. They had been cheery comrades until Faith Farnham had somehow managed to turn the duet into a trio. After that everything went wrong. Slight, sinuous, ethereal, in delicately colored, high waisted, trailing robes, with always a knot of violets at her breast, she easily put Lettice, with her rosy cheeks, her hearty laugh, her walking suit and trim hair, out of count. Arran yielded himself joyfully to her fascinations. "She's a revisionary type, and a rare one," he explained to Lettice. "I like to study her, to see how she makes up to herself for all the things her ancestors felt it was religion to do without."

"Take care," Lettice had answered, smiling a smile openly, honestly, unselfishly.

"That's your part—you are to take care of me always," Arran had answered, speaking very low and trying to take her hands.

Then the telephone bell had rung, with the result that Lettice found her self whisked out of town for a week. She came back to find Arran apparently a Farnham bond slave. The very first news she heard was that Faith was to make one of the Christmas house party at Arranmore, Philip's country place, where his widowed mother still dispensed a noble hospitality. Lettice was also asked, but with Christmas but three weeks off going was out of the question. She had neither the clothes nor the time. All the money her common sense would let her spend had gone into overflowing

Christmas boxes ready for dispatch to the dear folks at home. Above and beyond the Christmas tree was specially in her charge. She had helpers galore, but those in authority had said to her, "You have never failed in anything set you; now go ahead and make this the biggest success of its kind the city ever saw."

She was doing it. Scoffers at her inexperience, her country ways, were discovering a very shrewd and level head upon her shoulders. The most part of her coworkers had fallen readily in with her enthusiasm. "Let's feel real Christmasy ourselves; then everything will come easy," she had said to them in the beginning, going on to tell artless tales, gathered by the way, of the people the tree was meant for. Before she was done the listeners were at one with her—even the scoffers, silent and ashamed of their scoffing. As a result upon the 23d of December the big trees groined under bizarre fruitage, and all the ropes stretched above them were so laden they were a joy to the kindly heart, whatever they might have been to an artistic eye. Nothing remained but to flash up the lights, the myriad tiny electric bulbs strung along the green. Lettice turned away with a long, long sigh, too tired to be anything but very happy at this good end to labor.

For three days she had hardly thought of anything but the tree. Ten thousand gifts, good gifts, for mothers and babies, otherwise giftless, 20,000 toys for little hands otherwise toyless, had seemed to her enough to crowd her own concerns aside. Back in her cozy room she ran through a sheaf of letters, her face as she read reflecting her mood as water reflects the sky. Home news made her smile softly, but wipe her eyes at the end. Three notes from aspiring strangers puckered her forehead in a reflective frown. Other notes, a haughty, sent to Santa Claus and by some magic turned over to her, brought lumps of varying hardness into her throat, lumps that swelled visibly over a line from Arran, a beseeching line, "Lettie, if you for Christmas, can't you come the day after?"

She dropped it and took up the very last of the sheaf, her eyes too blurred to note the imprint in the corner, but after the first line she sat up, breathing hard, a bright red spot in either cheek, and at the end sprang up, waved the letter over her head and said in audibly, since it was 1 o'clock: "Hurrah, Lettice! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

A knock, hesitating, apologetic, made her turn about to see her door open before she could speak, revealing Faith Farnham, who came in, closing it precipitately behind her, and said in her alarist way:

"Oh, Miss Santa Claus, I've come to you like the rest of the poor things! Lend me \$50, please. I've spent every thing on frocks and frills for this visit, and those wretched magazines are holding up all my checks!"

"How funny! I got mine—my first," Lettice said, holding out a note and fluttering a blue slip so Faith could not choose but see. "As I am \$100 better off than I thought to be, you shall have the money," she ran on. Faith, covered her face, sobbing hysterically, but held out her hand for the bills Lettice thrust in it, and, clutching them tight, ran away without a word of thanks. Lettice looked after her, wondering at herself. This vengeance ought to be sweet, yet here she was finding it bitter. She was ashamed for womanhood, for humanity, by this clumsy lying. She flung open her window and leaned out of it, as though to let the night breeze sweep away something unsavory, unwholesome. She never understood the impulse that sent her scurrying to Faith's door, there to whisper through the barest open crack of it:

"Don't worry, Faith. I—won't tell—anybody. And I hope you'll have a real merry Christmas."

The next twenty-four hours went by in a whirl. Lettice slept normally, ate hurriedly and worked like a machine. Nothing else kept the Christmas tree enterprise from getting away from everybody, it was so unwieldy, so turbulent, so sloppily full of enthusiasm. The paper had called for volunteer helpers. They came in droves and nearly swamped the distracted regulars. But somehow, some way, the bedlam at last arranged itself in orderly semichaos. The ruler of the chaos, without whom it would at once have become uproarious, was smallish and rosy, with the blackest eyes in the world; not at all the figure of a saint, yet canonized in the heart and on the lips of one decent woman, who stood hugging a warm plaid and looking tearfully at her flock of five, brave in new shoes and each with a toy and a fat bag of sweets. What she said to the volunteer who had brought the gifts is not necessary to be written down. He listened intently and afterward went with happy, shining eyes straight up to Lettice, who started violently at sight of him.

"You've overlooked one case of destitution," he said, plucking her sleeve. "I hope you will do something about it, Lady Bountiful."

"If only I can. But we have only gewgaws left—nothing the least useful," Lettice began anxiously. Arran drew closer and said, with his lips almost on her ear: "It's my mother, sweetheart. She's fearfully in need of a daughter—just such as you. Will you come?"

Lettice vows to this day there was a conspiracy. Certainly Mrs. Vanston Quigley must have been in the secret. However else should both her lodgers have been properly dressed at the Arranmore Christmas dinner, where the lady of the manor announced her son's engagement to Miss Lettice Lane?

Cure For Love.

"Why, how could you break your engagement with Jack?"

"We were seasick together."—Life.



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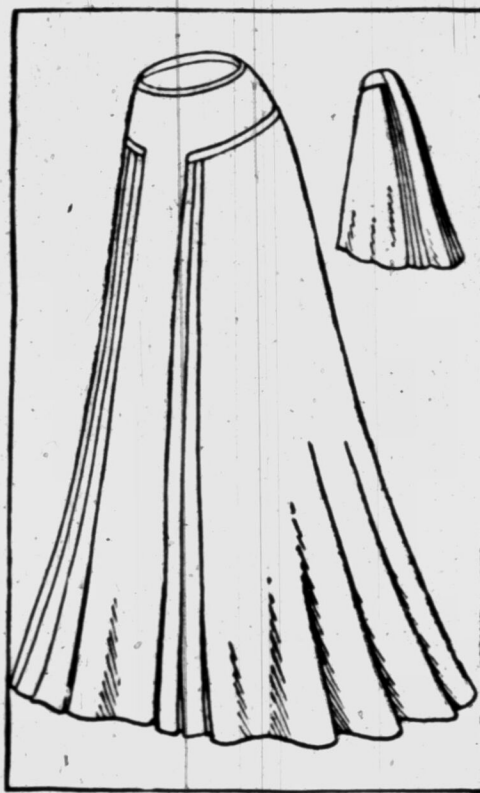
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WOMAN AND FASHION

A Modish Skirt.

Brown velvet was used in the development of this modish skirt. The front gore and yoke are in one, a style that distinguishes many of the new skirts. The skirt may be made in either



ONE OF THE LATEST STYLES.

their dip or round length, and plaits arranged at each side of the front and back give a graceful fullness at the lower edge. Many materials are suitable for the making. A fancy blue and white tweed, finished by machine stitching, would be a good choice. Mohair, voile and serge could also be used.

For the Wee Folk.

The latest fashion in millinery for wee girls is the large white felt or beaver hat trimmed with bug clusters of velvet and silk roses to match the color of the little cloth or silk pelisse or coat. This particular fashion possesses a definite advantage, the roses being infinitely easier to match than the headgear itself, while a single hat can be made to do duty for two or three different toilets. Brown is besides much worn by the nursery folk, and in the case of little boys the brown hats are frequently trimmed with wide tartan ribbon.

It Pays to Dress Neatly.

It is the duty of every woman to make the best of herself. The question is how to do it, and unfortunately many fail. It is no good to be beautiful and have no style. A plain woman can often carry all before her. If she achieves style she is very apt to leave an ordinarily pretty woman miles behind. What is meant by a smart woman is generally one who develops, says the London Queen, her good points, with due regard to the fashions and the modes of the moment, and these are very friendly now to such people.

Kid and Suede.

It is really astonishing what a dressy and elaborate touch the use of a little kid or suede will add to even the plainest tailored gown. At once it takes on an air of originality that lifts it entirely out of the ordinary run. Though serviceable, Wooltex costumes, with their fitted coats and full skirts, that fill in many a chink in a slender wardrobe, can be made to assume quite a different appearance with a vest of suede or of some of the velvety ooze calfs. The girl who is clever enough with her needle can embroider these in all of the fashionable needlework fads.

Dressing Sack.

A charming design for a dressing sack is shown in this model, developed in pale blue French flannel, with collar facing of white. The facing is finished on each edge with feather-



LADY'S KIMONO.

stitching done in blue silk. The garment is shaped by underarm seams, and a seamless drop shoulder yoke adds to its attractiveness. It would make up nicely in silk, albatross, lawn and bright figured cotton crepe that comes in odd designs, exclusively for kimonos. The medium size requires four and one-quarter yards of thirty-six inch material.

Blue Beavers.

Blue beavers are much worn. A sizable hat has a boat shaped crown and rather wide brim rolled up on the left side. The short backed brim is bent down. A knot of blue panne velvet in front, with a couple of ends to the right back, holds two plumes of cock's feathers, the front one short and much curved on the end, the other long and drooping to the left back brim. The exaggerated crown will be avoided by women of taste. Some of these are six inches high. The average is three inches for the usual large hat.

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A WILLFUL WIDOW

By KATE M. CLEARY

Copyright, 1904, by Kate M. Cleary

"So altogether I'm in a deuce of a fix," concluded Carruthers.

He sprang to his feet, looking for all the world like a big, perturbed boy as he paced restlessly across the library floor. He was so well formed, with his straight shoulders and the fine, flexible lines of his body, that he appeared to be ten years younger than the thirty-five allotted him by the family Bible. Then his brown hair would curl even at thirty-five.

"I understand," said Claridge. In truth, he did not understand at all. He had no children of his own. Indeed, he found the caprices of his fashionable wife quite sufficient to absorb his attention. But he liked Max Carruthers, and it did seem to him—

"They're such adorable little things, Max! And you're so absurdly wealthy! If it were not for our house being closed for the summer and Clotilde doing Europe for the steenth time I'd ask you to let us take the tots. One fancies that a man with your money would have no difficulty in finding a person!"—A rather desperate laugh interrupted him.

"Ah, the persons' who are willing to take care of my little people, Claridge, are the bane of my existence. I've advertised; I've met and talked with them; harpies all. Some would undoubtedly give the children proper care as far as physical requirements go, but that isn't enough. I want to find some woman who would really love them for their own sake."

"That ought to be dead easy," growled Claridge.

"Of course I think so; but, then, they're my babies. I want some one who will give them a bit of mothering—kiss the place to make it well and that sort of thing."

"I have it!" exclaimed Claridge. He brought his fist down on the arm of his chair with a bang. "The most idyllic old home in the country that your eyes ever rested upon. It's a big, rambling house, almost covered with Virginia creeper. There's an immense, well kept lawn and clematis across the porch, and the house itself is just filled with the most delicious scents. The bedrooms are perfumy with lavender. And as for the food—why, it's something to set an anchorite sighing!"

"But what makes you think the possessor of this ideal home would welcome into it two rather lively children? If it's only a question of money—"

Claridge shook his head.

"Go slow! That's the difficulty—it isn't a question of money at all. And my powers of persuasion may be less effective than I think with Mrs. Varine, but I'll try."

"Your friend is a widow, I presume?" Claridge smiled—a dry, slow, curious smile—his legal smile, Carruthers called it.

"Yes; she happens to be a client of mine. Oh, yes," he repeated, as though convincing himself of the fact. "She's a widow!"

When Carruthers called a few days later to ask if Claridge had heard from Mrs. Varine, the latter jumped up briskly.

"It's all right, Max. You are to settle the question of payment with me. Mrs. Varine says she'd rather take nothing. She's very lonely, is awfully fond of children, and is delighted at the thought of having the youngsters with her during their vacation. You'd better take them down next Thursday. Oh, by the way, there's a condition. Mrs. Varine does not wish to meet you personally!"

"What's that?" cried Carruthers, agast.

"Well, she doesn't!" reiterated Claridge doggedly. "Maybe she has no reason but a woman's reason. Anyhow, she's entitled to her caprice. Her aunt, Miss Howard, will meet you on your arrival and show you over the place."

"Queer," muttered Carruthers. He looked up sharply. "You say you know the lady—that everything is all right?" "I say she's one of the sweetest women God ever made and that you may bless your stars she is taking your children into her home—which means her heart!"

He had spoken with warmth. Carruthers held out his hand.

"Thanks, dear boy! You're a mighty good friend."

It was at the close of a perfect June day when a little party reached Cedarville. A survey drawn by two fat white ponies met them. About two miles outside of town the driver turned off into a wide carriage road that wound up an avenue of elms and oaks till a turn brought in view a great sweep of emerald lawn, beds of scarlet geraniums, a fountain flashing in the golden light and a sleepy, old vine covered house that looked hospitable and picturesque. "Let us out, papa!" implored Eustace.

"Is it fairyland?" queried Dorothy in a timid, entranced whisper.

The gentle, faded woman who received the travelers had a face like a cameo and appeared to harmonize admirably with her old fashioned surroundings. She showed Carruthers the rooms the children were to occupy—airy, immaculate rooms, with blossoms nodding in at the windows. She offered him luncheon, which he declined, apologized for the invisibility of her niece and appointed a day each week he was to come to visit the children. Already charmed by their surroundings, they let him go without a protest.

When he came down the next week it was to find the two rosy, radiant

and ecstatic over their environment. He took them into town, bought them some small treasures and listened to her raptures about "Florence." She made a small dress for Dorothy; and gone fishing with Eustace; she played the piano for them while they were having a game of hide and seek, low or loud as they were "hot" or "cold." And they were going to have a party one of these days, with luncheon served under the biggest oak.

"But who is this lady who is so kind to you?"

"She's just Florence!" they answered in chorus. "She's good as a real mamma, only she plays like she was just a little girl."

Always he heard these tales, and always, it seemed, the playmate, Florence, was the center and source of their joy. Later in the season an important business summons made it imperative that if he were to see the children before his trip west he must run down at once.

Walking up the avenue, he stopped short at the bend of the path, for on the velvet sward a game of tag was in progress. A slim, graceful young girl in a pluk lawn gown was the pursued.

"You're it, Florence!" cried Eustace triumphantly as he succeeded in touching the fleeing figure. And just then, as the victim paused, flushed, breathless, her copper gold hair loosened from its pins and falling in a bright shower below her waist, Dorothy caught sight of the newcomer and set up a hailing shout. "It's papa! Here's papa!" she cried.

The captive made one wild movement toward flight, but the victor manfully held on to her. And, after a laughing protest, she came over to Carruthers, where he stood bareheaded, his eyes gleaming with admiration, and held out her hand.

"I've been doubly caught, I'm afraid, Mr. Carruthers! I did not dream you were coming today or I should not have been found engaged in such an undignified pastime. My name is Florence Varine."

He leaned forward. "Mrs. Varine's daughter?"

"No." She colored deliciously. "I am Mrs. Varine," she explained.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Carruthers. He looked at her, amazed, mystified. Why, she could not be much over twenty! And Claridge had said that she was a widow!

"I was a very distant relative of Mr. Varine's," she explained. "He wished to leave me his property, but there would have been contention and litigation on the part of others more nearly related were he to do so. But when he knew he was dying he asked me to marry him that he might legally will me all he possessed. He died an hour after the ceremony was performed. Mr. Claridge was present."

"But," stammered Carruthers, "why didn't Claridge tell me? Why was I not to see you?"

"Oh, I was afraid if you knew how young and irresponsible I was you would not let me have the children to take care of. Mrs. Claridge had told me what darlings they were, and I was so lonely down here. We've had such good times together." She paused, gathering up her shining hair. She looked at him with luminous gray eyes grown suddenly apprehensive. "You won't take them away, now that you know?" she entreated.

"Assuredly not!" he made quick reply. "They are the most fortunate children in the world. For the first time since the death of their mother I have felt quite happy about them."

It was astonishing how easily the important business matters of Mr. Carruthers could be set aside. He grasped at the invitation to stay to dinner as though that meal were in truth to save him from starvation. And when he finally did discover that if he would catch his train back to the city he must exercise all haste it was with positive dismay that he left the three who stood on the terrace, waving him farewell.

The next morning he walked into Claridge's office.

"You'll have to take a run out and attend to that Montana matter, Claridge," he said. "I can't go."

"Can't, eh? What's up? Something more important?"

"Very much more important!" He was smiling like a boy, and his eyes were shining. "Fact is, I've not been seeing enough of Eustace and Dorothy. I'm going to take a room at the hotel down there—they tell me there's good fishing to be had—and I'll see more of the children."

Claridge stared at him. Then he nodded and laughed.

"You've seen that willful little widow down at Cedarville?"

Carruthers went off laughing.

When he came in a few weeks later the tan of country wind and sun was on his cheek. He walked like a conqueror, with his head up, and his voice had a ring good to hear.

"Congratulations," he commanded.

"The children are going to have the loveliest mother in all the world!"

Claridge gripped the other's hand warmly. "You're a lucky dog, Carruthers!"

"I know it, Claridge. There isn't a king under heaven I'd change places with! And those children!"

Claridge laughed leniently.

"You infernal fraud!" he said.

A Wandering Minstrel.

"A musician out of work, are you?" said the housekeeper. "Well, you'll find a few cords in the wood shed. Suppose you favor me with an obligato."

"Pardon the pronunciation, madam," replied the bright tramp, "but Chopin is not popular with me."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Pleasantest Path Downward.

Prosperity has ruined many a man, but if a fellow is going to be ruined at all that is the pleasantest way.—Philadelphia Record.

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Arlington Advocate

OFFICE

Fowle's Block, Mass. Avenue.

Published every Saturday noon by

C. S. PARKER & SON,

Editors and Proprietors.

Subscription—\$2 Single copies 5 cents.

Arlington, Dec. 24, 1904.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Reading Notices, per line, 25 cents.
Special Notices, " 15 "
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line, 10 "
Ordinary Advertisements, per line, 8 "
Marriages and Deaths—free.

Entered at the Boston post office, (Arlington Station) as second class matter.

On a New Voyage.

Though the calendar year does not close until another week, the division of time into weeks drops our volume year back slowly but surely; and though our No. 1 of Vol. 1 was issued in January, 1872, this paper is No. 1 in Vol. 34.

For thirty years the paper has been under one general management. Primarily it was assumed as a business enterprise for securing a livelihood, of course; but it is a satisfaction to feel that in the carrying the business on so as to secure a reasonable profit, the paper has been a help to the town's growth, a defender of its good name, an influence in raising the moral tone of the community and in strengthening the hands of those who labor to make the world better by persuading individuals to higher thinking and living.

To give all the news in a concise form; to treat every one as nearly exactly alike as is possible to poor human nature; to speak the truth as we see it "whether men will hear or forbear;" to avoid the sensational and peculiar, however alluring a prospect of financial profit from it may seem; to champion the home against any and all influences which threaten to contaminate it; to encourage the young to make the most of their splendid opportunities now offered,—each and all of these in the past have been influences controlling the utterances of the editorial page and in performance of our duty as purveyors of news. To this catalogue we have nothing new to add, but assure all that the future of the paper will be conducted along these lines. Is not a paper so conducted, so carefully edited, so finely printed, and so promptly issued, worthy a more general support even than it now receives? Think of this, you who are only occasional purchasers. And you, who have been our constant readers for so many years, true and tried friends, who are a bulwark of support and encouragement, can help the paper by saying a good word for it to your friends and the new comers who we shall be glad to greet as friends and help feel at home in the town of their adoption by introducing them to its various interests and happenings through the local paper.

Dividing Mt. Pleasant Cemetery.

We have not desired or thought it advisable to enter into a discussion touching the division of Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, feeling that the matter would ultimately be wisely and justly administered by citizens of Arlington, who are certainly sufficiently intelligent to conduct their affairs and are so fully enlightened on this subject as not to require dictation from any source. If the vote was not to their liking at the recent town meeting, they alone are to blame. It is the people who stayed away that passed that vote,—or those who had not the courage of their convictions. Our position in the matter, in certain quarters at least, has been greatly misunderstood and so that there may be no misunderstanding of the paper's position, we explain it somewhat in detail.

When the proposition to appoint a committee was first made and on every occasion when the appointment of a committee to consider the setting apart a portion of Mt. Pleasant Cemetery has been brought before the town for action, the senior editor has voted in favor of appointing such a committee and these columns have advocated such action. The senior's reasons for so doing (and in this the junior agrees) are simply that he believes thoroughly that any proposition presented to the town by any considerable number of its citizens, is deserving of a respectful hearing and reference to a committee to consider the subject matter proposed, when such a committee is called for.

Attempts to have an investigating committee having failed, the parties directly interested pursued another course, and presented the bald and bare question contained in the warrant for the November meeting.

Against the proposition as presented in town meeting (regardless of the implied threat attending the same), the senior voted no, basing his action on the broad proposition that under the constitution and the vote of the Legislature creating this township, there can be no discrimination for or against any single citizen or any group of citizens, that will give or withhold any privilege in public property not enjoyed by all. By unanimous consent or where no protest was raised, discrimination might be allowed; but the moment a protest is made, such discrimination ought to be impossible. Our whole system of government as a republic rests on this broad principle and every deviation

from it is a blow at the broad foundation on which our father's built this nation, controlled by "a government of the people, for the people and by the people."

In other countries, differently organized, with fundamentals essentially dissimilar, discrimination against all not of a specific religious creed or belief is fully within the law, and against being obliged to find a place for the internment of their dead outside those prescribed lines no one not of that faith has a reasonable cause for complaint or protest. But in this country, where every man stands as the equal of every other man in the eye of the fundamental law of the land and of all enactments under the constitution which is the basis of all legislation, whatever be his race, color or previous condition of life, there can be neither reason or excuse for discrimination.

Of course the proposition comes in another form and asks for the setting apart on the part of an acknowledged majority certain privileges for the benefit of the minority, but the effect of the vote is to exclude people from a constitutional right to buy land, when they have the wherewithal with which to pay, anywhere within the boundaries of the land held in common by all our citizens, whether property owners or not.

Church Enlargement.

On the first Sunday in December Rev. James Yeames took note of the 8th anniversary of his rectorship of St. John's Episcopal church in an appropriate sermon and gave interesting data regarding his work here during the past seven years. He also unfolded church enlargement plans to more adequately meet the needs of the parish. Some of these matters will no doubt be of public interest as they are now engaging the attention of the parish. In his remarks Mr. Yeames said in part:—

"St. John's parish was organized in 1876, and the first service in the church was held 1877. For 27 years the building has sufficed for the needs of the congregation but the time has now come when enlargement is an actual necessity. If we would keep what we have, we must go forward. But more than this, a clear and broad view must be taken of the future, and of the proper and possible influence and work of the parish. In 1895 the population of Arlington was 5,629, with 1281 registered voters. In 1900 it was 8,603, with 743 voters. There were 1048 children of school age in 1900, there are nearly 1800 attending school now. In ten years the cost of maintaining the schools has gone up from \$28,200 to \$50,373. The future is sure to be marked by proportionate if not larger growth. The Episcopal church has a work to do in this community, and a necessary and important message to deliver."

The number of baptized persons in St. John's parish is nearly 400. There are 190 communicants. About 140 are enrolled in the Sunday school. The activities of the parish include a Woman's Guild, Missionary Auxiliary, Senior and Junior Chapters of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, Girls' Friendly Society, and Boys' and Girls' clubs. Every inch of space in our small buildings is utilized, and the rector and his co-workers suffer much inconvenience for lack of room and opportunity."

Mr. Yeames then made a bold and straightforward appeal for ten thousand dollars, for the enlargement and improvement of the church property. He very clearly outlined a plan for the enlargement of the church by the construction of a new south aisle and chancel, adding 60 sittings, and greatly increasing the accommodation for choir and clergy; making large addition of space and air and greatly enhancing the dignity of the structure. The plans (prepared by an architect) show a new chancel 24 by 23 ft. with a chancel arch 21 ft. high by 20 ft. wide, and increasing the length of the church from 55 to 70 feet. The new arch will enlarge the width of the nave to 40 ft. A rector's room, choir room, and organ chamber are added. These improvements absorb the present Parish House, and necessitate the building of a new house. It is proposed to do this on the south side, and to build a structure of three stories, including a good high basement, for boys' club and social purposes; a parish hall on the ground floor (36x22); and a guild room, chapter room and chapel or oratory, on the upper floor. Provision would thus be made for a congregation of 250 persons, while the "working plan" of the parish would be increased three-fold. The builders' estimate for these improvements is \$5,800. Lighting, heating, furniture etc., would bring the amount up to \$10,000. The rector claimed that he was not unduly bold or sanguine in making this proposition, and proceeded to show how, by the systematic payments of 185 contributors, in sums from one cent to 25 cents a day, continued for two years, the whole amount could be realized without undue sacrifice. The matter is now before the people, and he commended it to their earnest thought and prayer, and generous liberality."

The contents page of the January Smart Set is the first indication of the excellence which is to mark the magazine for 1905. The Smart Set was long since conceded the title of "the magazine of cleverness," and its plans for the coming year already embrace a list of new contributors whose names stand for the very best in the fiction and verse of the day. With George Barr McCutcheon, Frances Aymer Matthews, William R. Lighton, Emory Pottle, Rupert Hughes, Edward Boltwood and Herbert D. Ward standing out from among twenty-seven other names, most of which are widely known and especially familiar to Smart Set readers, the January number promises well for the coming year. The novelette, "The Coming of the King," is a most delicate mingling of light humor and touching pathos. The scenes are laid mostly in Provence. In "The Laurel Wreath" Gustav Kobbé contributes a story which will be instant in its appeal, especially to those who know the operatic stage. "Claude Fitz-Maurice, Bad Man," is a breezy tale of the West whose humor and human nature win the reader at the start. The essay, "Aloes and Ambrosia,"

by Edgar Saltus, and the French story, by Marcel Prevost, are of a quality fully to merit their place with the other contributors to this unusually excellent number.

Not Its Task.

It must be transparently clear to all responding to the call for a meeting of Arlington Improvement Association to be held in Odd Fellows Hall, on Tuesday evening, that any help along "Good Government" lines must come from another source than this organization, though its name would lead one to infer that it possessed all the elements necessary to wise, conservative and efficient leadership. Only fourteen members were present. As it is a year ago last May since a business meeting was held, perhaps members have forgotten that their names are on the roll; perhaps, well one guess is as good as any other. The fact remains that members (there are nearly one hundred on the roll) did not attend a meeting of which they were notified by postal stating plainly the object of the meeting.

President Rawson seemed to think that an every way desirable condition now prevails as a result of what he has done since he became a member of the Board of Selectmen and particularly since he was made chairman; that with the advent of a new chief of police, who would certainly take office the first of January, all remaining causes of criticism or complaint would be quickly removed.

There was no formal discussion by those present, but a sort of conversational review of the situation as presented by Pres. Rawson, Messrs. Spurr, Hodgdon, Muller, Holmes and Parker participating, and adjournment came without any formal business having been presented. Those who do not agree fully with the optimistic view of the town's affairs held by the president, will have to seek in other ways than through the Arlington Improvement Association, an adequate discussion and effective organization to remedy mistakes in the conducting of some of the town affairs that have been made in the past and which some think need careful investigation.

Read McClure's for January! There's one New Year's resolution that will prove a pleasure as well as a profit. For, besides the manifold entertainment in its nine stories, it contains articles timely and pleasing, two of which are unique and helpful contribution to two of the most vital problems that American citizens will have to face in 1905. "Lynching in the South," by Kay Standard Baker, will do more than many an act of Congress to break down the barriers of sectional misunderstanding on the negro problem. Neither academic nor partisan, it is the work of a trained journalist seeking, not to argue, but to show the causes of recent outbreaks. Although himself a Northerner, he finds that the South has no lessons to learn from the North concerning lynching. In "Tuberculosis, the Real Race Suicide," Samuel Hopkins Adams states, no less authoritatively than startlingly, the horrors of "The Great White Plague." He shows that modern science could alleviate and prevent the dread disease, were it not for the ignorance, prejudice and greed of many in our midst—including even a large class of the medical profession. Heart-beats of our great nation, grave and gay, are galvanized into life by the cunning hands of several story-writers in this number. An extraordinary revelation of a Japanese sacrifice, "For Love of Country," is made by John Dwight—a true story. Seumas MacManus tells a rollicking Irish fairy-tale. Frederic Irland, writes of "The Reporter Who Became President" (James Madison), and C. E. Williams, who gives, charmingly and truthfully, "A Glimpse of Beavers at Work." Graceful poems add a finishing touch to this number—one full of interest to anyone that takes an interest in his nation and his fellowmen.

Deaths.

GOOCH—In New Haven, Conn., Dec. 18, Sarah E., wife of Prof. L. A. Gooch, of Yale University, and daughter of the late John P. Wyman, of Arlington.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Board of Selectmen will give a public hearing at the Selectmen's Office in Town Hall, on Saturday, December 24th, next, at 3.30 p. m., on the matter of granting sixth-class or retail druggists' licenses to Messrs. O. Gilbert Seeley and George H. Copeland & Co.

EDWARD C. STONE, Clerk.
Lexington, Mass., Dec. 17, 1904. 24dec1w

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank, for the Election of Directors, and any other business that may legally come before them will be held at the Banking Room, on Tuesday, Jan. 10, 1905, at 4 p. m.

JOHN A. EASTON, Cashier. 10dec3w

Town Meeting.

A special Town Meeting will be held in the Town Hall on Wednesday, Dec. 28, 1904, at 7.30 o'clock, p. m.

WARREN W. RAWSON, Selectmen
GEORGE L. DOE, " " " " " "
JAMES A. BAILEY, JR., " " " " " "

24dec3w

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Store in Swan's Block, Arlington. For further particulars apply to Harrison Swan, 1 Faneuil Hall Market, Boston. 11dec1t

The Sunday papers announced the candidacy of several prominent citizens of Lynn for the office of postmaster of that city made vacant by the death of Mr. Sanderson, whose funeral occurred the day previous. It now appears that even then a man to succeed Mr. Sanderson had been selected by Senator Lodge, and Capt. Parker (one of the candidates named) had been privately notified of this fact, but being under promise not to make it public, it was not until Monday that the others interested,—Messrs. Shepard, Bessom and Baker,—were aware that none of the four ever had a chance. Senator Craig of Lynn is the successful man, but the appointment seems to be distasteful to a remarkable degree among those who in the past have had much to do with political matters in the Shoe City.

Sunday, December 25, The Nativity of our Lord, or the Birthday of Christ, commonly called Christmas Day. Monday, 26th, St. Stephen; Tuesday, 27th, St. John the Evangelist; Wednesday, 28th, The Innocents' Day.

(Correspondence.)

"Partition of public property for the use of any society, secular or religious, is inconsistent with, and diametrically opposed to, the fundamental principles of the Constitution."

P. B. P.

(Correspondence.)

ARLINGTON, Dec. 21, 1904. MESSRS. EDITORS: A new organization, to be known as the Menotomy Veteran Firemen's Association of Arlington, is being formed and is to be incorporated with the object of making it the strongest association of the kind in New England, and to be conducted for profit as well as for pleasure.

Option is already held on a prize-winning engine and when improvements now contemplated are made, it must prove the most powerful machine that has ever appeared on the musterfield. All that only long experience, close study and love of the work can accomplish, will be lavished on this machine to make her able to overcome odds at the present time, when weather conditions enter so much into the muster game, and in the near future are going to be made equal to all, to easily show her superiority.

A cordial invitation is extended to all in Arlington and surrounding towns who would enjoy a good social organization, and the clean sport of the Hand Fire Engine Muster Field, to become members. Full particulars as to the aims of the Association will be furnished by W. M. P. SCHWAB, 1033 Mass. Avenue, Arlington.

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Associates Building, ARLINGTON. 1dec3m

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the sub-

scriptor has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Cora F. Butler, also called C. Frances Butler, late of Arlington, in the County of Middlesex, Massachusetts, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

CHARLES H. SWAN, Adm.
No. 7 Bartlett Ave.,
Arlington, Mass., Dec. 7th, 1904. 10dec3w

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of J. HENRY HARTWELL, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Charles T. Hartwell, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held in Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-seventh day of December, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Arlington Advocate, a newspaper published in Arlington, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventh day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Acting Register. 11dec3w

ARTHUR L. BACON,

Mason and Contractor.

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MISS K. T. McGRATH,

DRESSMAKER.

Street and Evening Dresses.

ROOM 7, ASSOCIATES BUILDING,

ARLINGTON. 11dec1t

Brief News Items.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore celebrated her 84th birthday on Sunday.

The water famine is wide spread, extending from New England to Pennsylvania.

The date for opening the East Boston tunnel has now been set for Dec. 30th.

Ex-Gov. Black will contest with Senator Brewster for the latter's seat in the U. S. Senate, his term expiring March 4.

Col. Higginson celebrated his 81st birthday on Wednesday. Each day sees him actively engaged in literary work of some sort.

The jury in the Nan Patterson case having failed to agree on a verdict after eleven hours of conference, spent Thursday night in seclusion.

Last Saturday night's storm was a hurricane along the southern shore of the state, and many vessels were wrecked in the vicinity of Buzzard's Bay.

There was a veritable sleighing carnival on Boston's speedway, last Sunday, as the snow falling the night previous was ample in quantity and trod down easily.

It is stated officially that the Republican majority of 120 in the next National House of Representatives will be the largest held by any party since the foundation of the government. That party's majority in the Senate is also increased.

A striking feature of the election is the insignificant vote in the South. Ohio cast a million votes, while the nine states along the extreme southern border cast only 800,000 altogether, including third parties. People in every section know perfectly well that this is not a normal or healthful condition.

Within two weeks seventy milk dealers were convicted in New York city of selling adulterated or preserved milk. When the courts inflict prison sentences instead of fines for that crime, the business of selling such milk will cease. And as many infants are killed by using the impure milk, imprisonment is the proper sentence for those guilty of the crime of selling it.

Theatre Notes.

The continued success of George Ade's "County Chairman" at the Tremont Theatre is proof positive that the play-going public are fond of laughter and sentiment. The play, which ran for a year at Wallack's Theatre, New York, bids fair to repeat its metropolitan run in Boston, where the many pungent situations, brim full of merriment and humor, are received with the same applause as in Gotham. Mr. Ade certainly is most felicitous in his character drawing, and the types are all of distinct flavor. Aside from the gift of portrayal and the clever satire exploited, the playwright has put his material together in vivid style. As a production, "The County Chairman" is extremely large, and the hundred people who are seen in the moving pictures of the play, however most clever stage management. The cast is brilliant, and each underlined has made pronounced success. On Xmas Day a special matinee will be given.

The juvenile patrons of Keith's will find something special provided for them during the week commencing Monday, Dec. 26, when the doors of the theatre are to be thrown open two hours earlier than usual, viz., at 11 a. m., instead of 1 p. m. A handsome Christmas tree will be found on each floor, lavishly decorated with toys, etc., and each of the little ones will be given a souvenir, the girls a dressed doll and the boys a mechanical toy. Among the features of the stage performance will be the smallest performing horse in the world and the funniest monkey, which are included in Woodford's interesting troupe of educated animals. Among the noted entertainers are Bedini and Arthur and their company, in the new pantomimic comedy, "High Jinks," for which special preparations have been made in the way of trick scenery, etc.; Howard and Bland, in a new comedy sketch; Juan Caicedo, the world-famous slack wire artist; Paul Barnes, monologue comedian and parody singer; Valveno and Broths, acrobats and equilibriste; and Cooper and Holton, "real comic" comedians and vocalists. A lot of new and interesting motion pictures will be shown in the biography.

EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS

TEK LECTURES ON

SHAKESPEARE

Thursday Afternoons, at 4.15 o'clock.

At Tremont Temple.

Jan. 5. The Humanity of Shakespeare.

Jan. 12. The Early Aspect: A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Jan. 19. The Ethical Awakening: The Merchant of Venice.

Jan. 26. The Relief in Nature: As you like it.

Feb. 2. The Individual and the State: Julius Caesar.

Feb. 9. World Forces and the Individual: Antony and Cleopatra.

Feb. 16. Facing the Mystery: Hamlet.

Feb. 23. The Tragedy of Love and Jealousy: Othello.

Mar. 2. The Tragedy of Ambition: Macbeth.

Mar. 9. The Final Attitude: The Tempest.

Tickets, \$3, \$4, \$5.

Single Admission, 50c. and \$1.00.

Now on Sale. 24dec2w

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CABOT'S

Sulpho-Naphol

LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

Gives uniform sanitary cleanliness, purifying the air of foul, noxious odors emanating from closets, drains, sinks, etc., and kills germs, etc. Everything kept perfectly clean, disinfected and deodorized at a very trifling expense.

At all dealers, 10c., 25c., 50c., \$1.00. The above Trade-Mark appears on all packages and labels as a protection to the purchaser.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF

The First National Bank

OF ARLINGTON,

at Arlington, in the State of Massachusetts, at the close of business, Nov. 10, 1904.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts, \$233,955.96

Overdrafts, secured and unsecured, 31.04

U. S. Bonds to secure circulation, 12,000.00

Bonds, securities, etc., 90,663.05

Accrued Interest, 361.38

Due from approved reserve agents, 18,859.89

Internal Revenue stamps, 86.64

Notes of other National Banks, 805.00

Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents, 170.31

Lawful money reserve in bank, viz:—

Specie, 13,318.80

Legal tenders notes, 9,000.00

Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, 625.00

Total, \$380,136.27

NEW SHORT STORIES

A Dangerous Country.

"Ireland is not as dangerous a country to travel in as it used to be," said Victor Herbert. "The Irish are not such fire eaters now as they once were. Samuel Lover, the Irish novelist, was my grandfather, and he in middle life had in Ireland an experience that illustrated well the perils of travel at that time."

"My grandfather was on the way to Cork. He was traveling by coach, and on a certain day he stopped for luncheon at a roadside inn."

"A servant led him to an upstairs room, took his order and retired."

"My grandfather drew up his chair to the table, and soon the servant, re-appearing, set before him a plate that contained half a grilled chicken. My



"HE'S SAFE! HE'S SAFE!"

grandfather was about to fall to upon the chicken when—cr-rack—his plate split clean across, and the fowl shot up nearly into the ceiling. At the same time a waiter, pale and tremulous, ran into the room, crying: 'He's safe! He's safe!'

"Who's safe?" said my grandfather testily.

"Mr. O'Musgrave," said the waiter. "The captain fired in the air."

"It was, you see, the bullet of a duelist and of an indoor duelist at that, which had come up through the ceiling and interrupted my grandfather's meal."

A Poor Remedy.

President Flinerty of the United Irish League of America was talking during the recent New York convention about a remedy for Ireland that he did not approve.

"It is a senseless remedy," he said. "It is an illogical remedy."

He smiled. Then he went on:

"Suppose you were a gardener. And suppose you got a position with a man whose front garden contained a heap of stones and rubbish—the ruins of a wall or outhouse or something of that sort."

"And suppose your employer should say to you:

"James, my son, I don't like the looks of this great heap of refuse here in the front of the garden. I want you to dig a hole and bury it."

"You would reply, naturally enough:

"I can dig a hole and bury it, sir. But what will I do with the dirt from the hole that will be left over?"

"Suppose in this difficulty your employer should consider a little while and then say:

"Dig the hole big enough to hold dirt and rubbish both."

"You wouldn't think that much of a remedy, would you?"—Los Angeles Times.

A Frank Admission.

The Rev. Dr. George P. Mains of the Methodist Book Concern was talking about volumes of sermons that had been profitable and popular, says the New York Tribune.

"Not many ministers, though," he said, "are able to put upon the market profitable and popular volumes of sermons."

Then Dr. Mains smiled.

"I am reminded," he said, "of an elderly Scottish minister. At an evening gathering a certain volume of sermons came up for discussion, and it was stated that the author of the volume had cleared something like \$500."

"At this the old minister's wife leaned over and whispered to him:

"My dear, I see nothing to hinder you from printing a few of your sermons too."

"They were all printed lang syne," the old minister whispered back."

General Sherman a Benefactor.

My uncle, General Sherman, was very fond of attending the theater. He also objected strongly, along with the rest of us lesser mortals, who dare not express our real thoughts, to having bibulous, selfish men stumble and push over his knees to get out between the acts. One evening a young man with the clothes and voice of a gentleman began to crowd his way to the aisle from the end of a row in which General Sherman was sitting.

"I beg a thousand pardons, general," he said as he reached my uncle. "but may I get by you?"

"Yes," said my uncle coolly as he straightened his knees behind the young man, "if you don't come back."

The general enjoyed the rest of the play in peace and received the heartfelt thanks of every one in the row.—Helen Sherman Griffith in Lippincott's Magazine.

DESIGNING A HEAD.

An Interesting Torsorial Operation by the Famous Whistler.

"Amazing!" the favorite ejaculation of the brilliant and eccentric artist, James MacNeill Whistler, is the word which seems best to fit the curious combination of personal peculiarities—mischievous wit, tricky jests, gay quarrels, harmless vanities and remarkable artistic performance—revealed in Mr. Mortimer Menpes' recent recollections of his "Master." The eccentricities of Whistler's character were matched by those of his appearance, for he never dressed like anybody else, and he had, just over his left eye, a single lock of white hair amid a mass of black curls. His own interest in his appearance was great, for he regarded the composition of costume and coiffure with the same seriousness which he would have bestowed upon the composition of a picture, and indeed the result was unmistakably picturesque.

"Customers ceased to be interested in their own hair," says Mr. Menpes of Whistler's entrance into a barber's shop. "Operators stopped their manipulations; every one turned to watch Whistler, who himself was supremely unconscious. His hair was first trimmed, but left rather long. Whistler meanwhile directing the cutting of every lock as he watched the barber in the glass. He, poor fellow, only too conscious of the delicacy of his task, shook and trembled as he manipulated the scissors. The clipping completed, Whistler waved the operators imperiously on one side, and we observed for some time the rear view of his dapper little figure, stepping backward and forward, surveying himself in the glass. Suddenly he put his head into a basin of water, and then, half drying his hair, shook it into matted wet curls. With a comb he carefully picked out the white lock, wrapped it in a towel and walked about for five minutes, pinching it dry, with the rest of his hair hanging over his face, a stage which much amused the onlookers."

"Still pinching the towel, he would then beat the rest of his hair into ringlets (combing would not have given them the right quality) until they fell into decorative waves all over his head. A loud scream would then rend the air. Whistler wanted a comb. This procured, he would comb the white lock into a feathery plume and with a few broad movements of his hand form the whole into a picture. Then he would look beamingly at himself in the glass and say but two words, 'Menpes, amazing!' and sail triumphantly out of the shop."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

An awkward man in society is usually a thoroughbred in business.

The only case of overwork we know of, though many claim it, is that of the growler.

A great many people tell not the way a thing is, but the way they would like to have it.

To win in this world you must have more confidence in yourself than you really amount to.

Here is the mark of one who boards: Search him, and you will find something to eat in his pockets.

Give father credit for one thing at least—at his place at the table there are no wads of chewing gum on the underside.

When you attend a circus turning a somersault looks easy, and when you attend a lecture talking in public looks easy.—Aitchison Globe.

The Lease of Life.

It is the inevitable law of nature that we must die. The vital energy that is implanted in the body at birth is only meant to sustain it for a certain number of years. It may be husbanded or wasted, made to burn slowly or rapidly. It is like the oil in a lamp and may be burned out to little effect in a little time or carefully husbanded and preserved and thus made to last longer and burn brighter.

It is a moot question whether every individual is born at birth gifted with the same amount of vital energy and of life sustaining power. The probability is that each is. The circumstances of the environment from the cradle to the grave determine its future destiny.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Bad Company For Him.

"What have you to say for yourself?" demanded the bailie of the drunk and disorderly. "Am verra sorry, sir," returned the charge, "but a cam' up frae Glesca in bad company." "What sort of company?" "A lot o' teetotalers." "Wha-at!" roared the bailie. "You mean to say, sir, that teetotalers are bad company?" "Well," rejoined the prisoner, "ye ken how 'twas. A had a hale mutchin o' whusky wi' me, an' a had to drink it all to myself."—London Judy.

Made Her Curious.

Wretch of a Man (at the club)—I say, you fellows, my wife went off to see her mother lately, intending to stay for six weeks, but I brought her home in a hurry. Do you know what I did? I sent her a paper every day with a paragraph cut out, and she was so full of curiosity to know what local news I was keeping from her that she came home at the end of four days.

His Brief Pleasure.

Neighbor—How long did you stay at the club yesterday, Jones? Jones—Oh, the best part of the evening. Mrs. Jones—Why, John, you came home in half an hour! Jones—Well?—Cleveland Leader.

The Boss.

Crawford—Did his lawyer tell Henpeck that he couldn't get a divorce? Crabshaw—No. His wife did.—Town Topics.

Boston & Maine Railroad

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

Winter arrangement, Oct. 10, 1904.

LEAVE Boston For Reformatory Station, at 8.17, a. m.; 1.47, 4.47, 6.17, p. m.; Sundays, 12.50, 6.00, p. m. RETURN at 5.32, 8.05, a. m.; 12.42, 4.15, p. m.; Sunday 8.35, a. m.; 4.05, p. m.

LEAVE Boston For Concord, Mass., at 8.17, a. m.; 1.47, 4.47, 6.17, p. m.; Sunday, 12.50, 6.00, p. m. RETURN at 6.37, 8.05, a. m.; 12.46, 4.30, p. m.; Sunday, 8.41, a. m.; 4.11, p. m.

LEAVE Boston For Bedford at 7.17, 8.17, 10.17, a. m.; 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.50, 10.30, p. m.; Sunday, 12.50, 6.00, p. m. RETURN at 5.48, 6.48, 7.18, 7.45, 8.22, a. m.; 9.25, 9.57, 12.56, 3.42, 4.37, 6.23, 9.05, p. m.; Sunday, 8.50, a. m.; 4.20, p. m.

LEAVE Boston For Lexington at 7.17, 8.17, 9.09, 10.17, 11.17, a. m.; 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.04, 7.50, 9.15, 10.30, 11.30, p. m.; Sunday, 12.50, 6.00, p. m. RETURN at 5.48, 6.06, 6.36, 7.04, 7.34, 8.08, 8.37, 9.41, 10.12, 11.12, a. m.; 12.12, 1.12, 2.12, 3.12, 4.45, 5.23, 6.30, 8.22, 9.21, 10.31, p. m.; Sunday, 9.07, a. m.; 4.36, p. m.

LEAVE Boston For Arlington Heights at 7.17, 8.17, 9.09, 10.17, 11.17, a. m.; 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.04, 7.50, 9.15, 10.30, 11.30, p. m.; Sunday, 12.50, 6.00, p. m. RETURN at 5.48, 6.06, 6.36, 7.04, 7.34, 8.08, 8.37, 9.41, 10.12, 11.12, a. m.; 12.12, 1.12, 2.12, 3.12, 4.45, 5.23, 6.30, 8.22, 9.21, 10.31, p. m.; Sunday, 9.07, a. m.; 4.36, p. m.

LEAVE Boston For Arlington at 6.39, 7.00, 7.17, 7.29, 7.46, 8.17, 9.09, 10.17, 11.17, a. m.; 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.04, 7.50, 9.15, 10.30, 11.30, p. m.; Sunday, 12.50, 6.00, p. m. RETURN at 5.48, 6.06, 6.36, 7.04, 7.34, 8.08, 8.37, 9.41, 10.12, 11.12, a. m.; 12.12, 1.12, 2.12, 3.12, 4.45, 5.23, 6.30, 8.22, 9.21, 10.31, p. m.; Sunday, 9.07, a. m.; 4.36, p. m.

LEAVE Arlington For Lowell at 10.39, a. m.; 4.05, 6.02, p. m.

LEAVE Lexington For Lowell at 10.39, a. m.; 4.20, 6.15, p. m.

LEAVE Lowell For Lexington AND Arlington at 6.49, 7.52, a. m.; 5.49, p. m.

D. J. FLANDERS,

Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agt.

Lexington & Boston St. Ry. Co.

MAIN AND CONCORD LINES.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after November 17, 1902, cars will leave Arlington Heights for Bedford, Concord, Billerica and Lowell at 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and 8.15, a. m., and every thirty minutes until 9.45, p. m.

Cars leave Arlington Heights for Lexington at 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and 8.15, a. m., and every thirty minutes until 1.15, p. m. Then 1.30, 1.45, 2.00, and every fifteen minutes until 7.30, p. m. Then 7.45, 8.15 and every half hour until 11.15, p. m.

Cars leaving Arlington Heights on arrival of theatre car from Boston at 12 o'clock, midnight, will run as far as Bedford Centre.

Cars leave Billerica Centre for Bedford, Lexington, Arlington Heights and Sullivan Square, Charlestown, without change of cars, 6.45, 7.15, a. m., and every thirty minutes until 10.45, p. m.

Cars leave Concord, for Bedford, Lexington, Arlington Heights and Sullivan Square, Boston Elevated Station, at 6.45, 7.15, a. m., and every thirty minutes until 10.45, p. m.

Cars from Concord will connect at Bedford Centre with the car from Lowell for Lexington, Arlington Heights and Sullivan Square, also for Billerica and Lowell.

Cars leaving Bedford at 7.07, 7.37, a. m., and every thirty minutes to 10.37, p. m., go through to Boston Elevated Station, Sullivan Sq., Charlestown, without change of cars at Arlington Heights.

Cars leaving Lexington at 6.30, 7.00, a. m., and every thirty minutes to 11, p. m., go through to Boston Elevated Station, Sullivan Sq., Charlestown, without change of cars at Arlington Heights.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Cars leaving Lowell at 6.00, 6.30, a. m., and every thirty minutes to 10, p. m., go through to Boston Elevated Station at Sullivan Sq., Charlestown, without change of cars at Billerica Centre or Arlington Heights.

Cars leave Boston Elevated Station, Sullivan Square, Charlestown, 6.15, 6.45, a. m., and every thirty minutes to 9.15, p. m., and go through to Lexington, Concord, Billerica and Lowell without change of cars at Arlington Heights.

Lexington & Boston St. Ry. Co.

W. H. GREENE, Supt.

Boston Elevated Railway Co.

SURFACE LINES.

TIME TABLE.

Subject to change without notice.

Arlington Centre to Adams Square—(via Beacon St., Somerville), 4.30, 5.17, a. m., and intervals of 30 and 15 minutes to 11.35, p. m. SUNDAY—From Arlington Heights—7.08, a. m., and intervals of 30 and 15 minutes, to 1.16 p. m. NIGHT SERVICE—To Adams Sq. via Harvard St.—11.35, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 4.42, 4.42, (4.37, 5.37 a. m., Sunday), a. m.

Arlington Heights to Subway.—5.03, a. m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 30 minutes to 11.23 p. m. SUNDAY—6.03, 6.31 a. m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 30 minutes to 11.22 p. m.

Arlington Heights to Sullivan Terminal via Broadway.—5.13, a. m., and intervals of 15 and 1.12 minutes to 11.38, night. SUNDAY—5.33, 6.23, a. m., and intervals of 15 minutes to 11.38, p. m.

Via Medford Hillside.—5.05, 5.31, a. m., and intervals of 15 and 30 minutes to 12.08, night. SUNDAY—6.36, a. m., and intervals of 10 and 15 minutes to 12.08, night.

ELEVATED LINES.

Elevated trains run between Sullivan Square and Dudley street via the subway, from 5.30, a. m., to 12.12, night. SUNDAY—5, a. m., to 12.12, night.

C. S. SERGEANT, Vice President.

April 9, 1904.

Arlington and Winchester

STREET RAILWAY.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell and Lynn at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington, 5.35, 7.55, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45, p. m.

Cars at Winchester connect with Stoneham, Reading, Woburn and Lynn

SUNDAYS.

Leave Arlington Centre at 8.45, 9.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m., then 11.20, p. m.

Leave Winchester Square at 9.05, 9.45, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45.

C. S. Parker & Son, publishers of Arlington ADVOCATE and Lexington MINUTEMAN, Telephone 139-4 Arlington.

THE PUZZLER

No. 49.—Triangles.

I.—1. Distinguished. 2. A bundle of twenty quires of paper. 3. To corrode. 4. A form of to be. 5. A consonant. II.—1. A minute particle. 2. A crust which forms on metals. 3. A poisonous reptile. 4. A pronoun. 5. A consonant.

No. 50.—Rhyming Words.

She cleared the rubbish with a —; Was startled when she saw a —; Coiled up and saw its rattle —; With fear the little maid did —; And loudly called for brother —; Who a response did quickly —; And killed the reptile for her —; He said the rattle he would —; Place in his husband for head —; And not a rattle did he —.

No. 51.—Hidden Birds.

The boy with awkward strides mounted the platform and began his speech.

Kin and kith rushed eagerly to the bedside of the dying millionaire.

His financial schemes in Dublin netted him nearly a million.

Desperate burglars usually rob in the night.

Who is to go? Bobbie or I? O let me!

I know a hundred per share is par. Rowan told me so.

No. 52.—Riddle.

By the seashore one you'll find; On your faithful steed and kind; In the forest I am seen; Tail and stately, fresh and green; When pursuit of hunter ends And the stag his life defends.

No. 53.—Octagons.

I.	II.
X 2 3 X	X 2 3 X
1 X X 4	1 X X 4
8 X X 5	8 X X 5
X 7 6 X	X 7 6 X

I.—1 to 8. A county of southern Scotland. II.—1 to 8. A range of hills in Scotland.

1.—1. A swelling. 2. Unable to hear. 3. A prophet. 4. A train of thoughts.

II.—1. A riot. 2. Fierce. 3. Low. 4. A claw.

No. 54.—Picture Puzzles.



What part of a closet and what part of a house are here represented?

No. 55.—Charade.

My first is never in. However oft you call; To last don't go, or win Or lose, 'twill take your all. My total roams the forest glen Far from the busy haunts of men.

No. 56.—A Tea Party.

By prefixing T in each instance make the following changes:

Change to perform into discretion. Change a number into a sound. Change a border into neat. Change a knock into snare. Change anger into part of a wheel. Change a pronoun into an adjective. Change skill into sharp. Change disorder into part of an animal. Change whole into lofty.

No. 57.—Curious Combinations.

Combine a kind of medicine and an animal and have a cushion used in olden times for riding.

Combine a fop and an animal and have a flower.

Combine an animal and an animal and have uncolored silver or gold.

Combine a building and an animal and have ten hundred thousand.

Very True.

"What happens when a man's temperature goes down as far as it can go?"

Smart Scholar—He has cold feet, ma'am.

A Wise Precaution.

I'm taking my umbrella, 'cause perhaps it's going to rain; I heard my papa read it in the paper, just as plain.

It said the indications were, for four an' twenty hours, There'd be some local temperature an' stationary showers.

—E. L. Sylvester in St. Nicholas.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 40.—Diamond: 1. P. 2. Bar. 3. Burtin. 4. Paragon. 5. Right. 6. Not. 7. N.

No. 41.—A Familiar Proverb: "None so deaf as those who won't hear."

No. 42.—Subtractions: 1. Fam-in-e, fame. 2. S-in-ister, sister. 3. Do-in-g, dog. 4. M-in-ister, mister. 5. It-in-erate, iterate. 6. M-in-ute, mute. 7. Cont-in-ent, content. 8. W-in-e, we. 9. Jo-in-t, jot. 10. Div-in-er, diver. 11. Imag-in-e, image. 12. Lovel-in-ess, loveless. 13. Ru-in-ed, ruined. 14. Sh-in-e, she.

No. 43.—Charade: Cockscumb (cockscumb).

No. 44.—Hourglass: Centrals—Constable. Crosswords—1. Proceed. 2. Roomy. 3. Mince. 4. Ash. 5. Sty. 6. Fag. 7. Gable. 8. Colon. 9. Deceive.

No. 45.—Riddlemerric: Pumpkin pie.

No. 46.—Pronouns: There. Ewer (your).

No. 47.—Hidden Fish: Pike. Carp. Blue. Perch.

No. 48.—Behadments: L-ode. Y-earn. B-lack. B-right. B-risk. G-host. H-old.

Automobile Insurance.

Policies issued through this Agency covering automobiles anywhere within the limits of the United States, including risk on railroad cars or on steamers, at a moderate cost.

WILLIAM A. MULLER

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INSURANCE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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The Smart Set.

A Magazine of Cleverness

Magazines should have a well-defined purpose. Genuine entertainment, amusement and mental recreation are

Arlington Fire Alarm Box Locations.

nd made me very happy. I made up
ny mind that I would do the same
ome day."

Arlington, Mass

ARLINGTON SOCIETIES, CHURCHES, Etc.

neither changes of temperature nor of
barometric pressure shall ever affect it.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 8 o'clock p. m. W. R. C., No. 43, meets on afternoons of same dates, at same place, at 2 p. m.

S. OF V. CAMP 45.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall, on the third Wednesday of each month, at eight o'clock p. m.

231 Morrill Estate,	Lowell Street.
561 Car Barn,	Bedford street.

set such cases before the police and such evidence as they have, they can be assured he will promptly act. That there is, or has been, petty gambling going on here there can be no doubt. In making enquiries regarding the matter it has been amusing and disconcerting to find that each man's suspicions located the evil in a different quarter. To our minds gambling is one of the worst evils of the times among all classes of people. It is indirectly cultivated by "grab" boxes and chances at church fairs, by playing cards for prizes, bucket shops, and even the accredited transactions of our great stock exchanges, and then runs down through all the strata of society into the lowest dens. The excitement of getting something for nothing is more pleasurable than doing something that amounts to something, is a benefit to the world at large, advantageous and elevating to the individual, making his life a success in the true sense. That which costs nothing is usually amount to nothing in the end.